sidered it finished. Then came the command of King Edward to present it before him at the Imperial Theater in London. This was indeed an honor, for, although companies have often been commanded to play before royalty at Windsor, it was a very unusual thing to play at a London theater especially prepared for the purpose. Mr. Ashton, the King's agent, had charge of the whole affair, and he apportioned the sale of seats. No tickets were placed on sale, and the performance, which was for one night only, was not advertised. The King and Queen were much interested, and after the third act the King sent for me and congratulated me upon the success of my play."

x x x

Frances Aymar Matthews, whose "Pretty Peggy" will be seen at English's the last of this week, is noted for the cleverness of her dialogue, and there are some very bright lines in the play. In one scene Peggy enters "Madame Violente's Circus" mounted on a mule, and accompanied by her suitor, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams. This conversation takes place:

Peg—Now, don't be makin' love to me, Charlie. Shure, I've towld you that a dozen times.

Sir Charles—Can anyone be by you, Peg, and not make love to you?

Peg—Aisy (pointing.) Look at the baste.

Sir Charles—Well—he's an ass.

Peg—The same to you, Charlie, dear, and not the cleverer of the two because you can talk.

One of the acts of the piece comes to a conclusion in a very pretty way. After a supper party in a room adjoining the Covent Garden Theater, Peggy is left alone with David Garrick, the actor. The two sit before the fire. Garrick, who is in love with Peggy, makes up his mind to ask for her hand. Just as he begins to speak, the call boy from the theater enters, but Garrick pays no attention to him. And then—

Garrick—I love you.

Call Boy—Mistress Woffington, the stage is waiting.

Peg—Again!

Garrick—I love you.

Call Boy—Mistress Woffington, the stage is waiting.

Peg—Davy! (He kisses her.)

Call Boy—Mistress Woffington, the stage is waiting.

Peg—Let it wait. I may never play this play again. (Curtain.)

MUSICAL NOTES.

A piano recital will be given Wednesday evening by the pupils of Walter S. Sprankle at Mr. Sprankle's studio on East Eleventh street. The programme will be a long and interesting one.

x x x

The new tenor in Naples over whom Italian critics are most enthusiastic, was, for many years, a fishmonger who hawked his wares in the streets. He is now known as Signor Giorgini and is creating something of a furore in his native land.

x x x

Suzanne Adams, who has been singing with the Metropolitan Opera Company, in New York, has been engaged for the Covent Garden opera season in London, and sailed for England last Wednesday.

x x x

The advance pupils of William H. Wilkison will give a vocal recital next Saturday evening, March 14, at his studio, 518 North New Jersey street. The pupils who will take part are Miss Nina Frank, Miss Grace Cross, Miss Mae McMillan, Mrs. Floretta Wilson, Mrs. Nora Rugenstein, Mrs. Ellen Torry, Harry Sheridan Lane and Hal S. Frank. Mr. Wilkison will be assisted by Mr. C. R. Strickland, pianist, of De Pauw University.

x x x

Creatore, the bandmaster who made one big leap into fame last summer in New York, will be in Indianapolis with his big band of sixty musicians in the near future. He has not been in the best of health of late, but is now recovering. Creatore, during his concerts, is not elevated on a platform like the ordinary conductor, but goes out among his musicians and sees to it himself that "every fellow is doing his best." He is one of the unique characters of the music world of to-day.

x x x

Oscar Boecher, the director of the Park Theater Orchestra, who is not only an excellent violinist, but a composer of a good deal of ability, has just written and published a very pretty march and two-step, called "The Gentleman from Indiana," and dedicated to Booth Tarkington. The piece, which is being played with fine effect by Mr. Boecher's orchestra and other orchestras and bands of the city, is the kind that sets the feet going "of their own free will," as a London musical writer remarked of the Sousa marches, and it deserves popularity.

x x x

Signor Ghirardi, who sang the role of Lohengrin when the Castle Square Grand Opera Company gave that beautiful Wagnerian opera in this city the week before last, did not know a word of English three years ago. "I heard that there was a demand both in England and America for tenors who could sing grand opera in English," he told a newspaper reviewer while in Indianapolis, "and I made up my mind that I would learn the language or die in the attempt. It was terribly hard work for me, but I came out victorious." Those who heard the Italian tenor in the beautiful German music drama would never have known, from his pronunciation of the English words, that the language was new to him.

x x x

Heinrich Conried, who will, in the future, fill the responsible position of director of the Metropolitan Opera House, the home of grand opera in America, is a man of culture and has a sincere love of art in all its forms. His knowledge of music, and of opera as it should be, is gleaned from the fountains of Europe. Writing of Herr Conried in the current number of The Theater, Emily Grant Von Tetzel has this to say: "At last New York will cease to be a training school for untried talent, which, as in many conspicuous cases, has learned its routine before our public while orchestra seats were selling at $3. Mr. Conried has such a wide influence in Europe that he is able to secure singers of whom we have never even heard, and this, too, without continuing the pernicious 'star' system, which he promises to abolish in favor of a thoroughly rational, artistic regime. He will give us the ensemble, good orchestra, renowned directors, efficient stage management and adequate rehearsals heretofore lacking at the Metropolitan Opera House. He will not place so much money at the feet of a few petted singers, that everything else must be of cheapest order. A uniform, artistic excellence will be maintained, and he will bring over routined artists with many, not three or four roles in their repertoire, and we shall hear other operas besides the possible fifteen or twenty presented to us for years. In fact, with Mr. Conried's advent in this field, one feels that the operatic millennium has dawned."

x x x

Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," arranged as a melodrama for the piano by Richard Strauss, will be given next Wednesday at the Matinee Musicale, by Mrs. Winifred Hunter Mooney, pianist, and Miss Charlotte Clay Probasco, a well-known reader, of Bloomington, Ill. Miss Probasco graduated with high honor from the Boston School of Oratory, and is said to be a most talented elocutionist.

In his musical "melodrama," Richard Strauss comes before the world of music as the inventor of a new art form, a form in which the dramatic and musical are so closely allied that it is difficult to tell whether the music is a running commentary on the words, or the words a more definite expression of the musical thought. Strauss has adopted the Wagnerian idea, and has several melodies or motives which designate the various characters of the Tennyson poem, and which form the foundation upon which the composition is built. Taken as a whole, "Enoch Arden," in this new form, presents to the student a fine example of what a great composer can do with very small material.

When the music poem was first produced in London last year it called forth, like all innovations, much discussion and some adverse criticism. However, it has since been conceded that the music is even greater than the poem. The recital will be a novelty here. All members of the Matinee Musicale are to have the privilege of inviting one guest, and the general public will be admitted upon payment of a small admission fee.

Repudiating the Bond.

Chicago Chronicle.

Refusal of Germany and Great Britain to give up the captured Venezuelan vessels in accordance with the terms of the protocols furnishes a singular instance of national shamelessness. Will any power dare to trust agreements which these precious allies may make in the future?

JOHN J. FARRELL

In "The Bandit King" at the Park.

MISS WALSH'S MASLOVA

THE WORK OF THE ACTRESS IN TOLSTOI'S "THE RESURRECTION."

The Drama as Viewed by One Critic—A Remarkable Delineation of a Human Soul.

The New York dramatic critics continue to find more and more in Tolstoi's "Resurrection" to write about. Although there are some differences of opinion among them regarding the play, as a play, all of the more thoughtful writers agree that Blanche Walsh, in the character of Maslova, teaches a powerful moral lesson. W. Livingston Larned, writing in the New York Telegraph, has this interesting analysis to make of the drama and its leading role:

A vibrant, pulsating note, in a wrangle of minor tones, Miss Blanche Walsh, as Maslova, in the dramatization of Leo Tolstoi's "The Resurrection," brings the audience in direct harmony with her, and sets forth, perhaps, one of the most direct lessons that has ever been taught on a New York stage. Gruesomely earnest, painfully true to life, a horrible, living, breathing type, she demands almost reverent silence through four grim acts, and then, at the drop of the curtain, leaves her mission complete, the very embodiment of all that may reach the innermost soul—by way of word and act.

There is little need of all the tawdry embellishments of such a production—the convicts and the lights and the small tragedies which have been woven into the play, as suggested by Count Tolstoi's novel. Maslova's face tells it all. The girl is shown, a prisoner at the miserable station for women. Mere details of other woes and other lives seem all but necessary.

Miss Walsh has sympathized with her character; she has studied the emotions that have hungered the souls of a million Maslovas, and with almost inspired knowledge and understanding comes a perfection of craft that is a marvel.

"Resurrection," as it is presented, is a powerful moral lesson. Students of human nature will do well to profit by its wonderful pictures. A world may view it and be the better. As a play, the name seems strangely out of place. There is no sphere wise enough to appreciate and to thoroughly understand it.

PRATINGS BEYOND NUMBER.

Pratings there have been beyond number at the gravity of similar productions, their juggling of human emotions, that have no proper home other than the breast of man; yet for all this, though it drag from the darkest recesses of the human heart man's vilest deeds, "Resurrection" will do more good than harm.

It must not be looked at in the light of a play. The intense work of Miss Walsh lifts it bravely above this level.

At no point during the performance does the play relax from its severe dignity. There are no flippant dialogues that may tend to bring forth the other side of the story. Straight and true, and earnest, through its solemn course, this tragedy goes.

It cannot be denied that Henri Bataille and Michael Morton, the playwrights, have left Tolstoi's frank imprint upon the play. They are nearly all there—the cold, slimy truths, ungarnished by a single cloak; but the very faithfulness of the panorama and its lack of affection gives it class and character.

This play is based entirely upon a man's sin against society—the same old story is brought up again and the same old misery rehearsed; but Russian atmosphere, the clean, crisp air of Tolstoi's birthplace, purifies the thoughts, as they develop, one by one. Seen in a London drawing room or even as the basis of an American play, they would be exceedingly revolting. The very evident insinuations in the third act, when an attendant makes advances to Maslova, would jar upon sensitive nerves were they presented in any other way. The audience has been brought, by slow processes of instruction, to just this climax. It is broad enough to see the very lifelike fibre that permeates it all. Like a chapter from some near life tragedy, which has not been contaminated by imagination, it appeals only to the better and to the more cultured instincts.

The story is a slender one, yet immeasurable, after all. Young Prince Neckhludoff, while visiting at the home of his aunt, meets again, after long separation, Katusha Masiova, a poor girl who has been housed by the good woman. Always a wayward chap, the young prince awakens the old love in Maslova's heart and wrongs her, later leaving, with no thought of her future misfortune. When compelled to act on a jury which convicts Maslova of killing a man, and sentences her to Siberia, he suddenly awakens to the enormity of his crime and realizes that it was he who brought Maslova to her miserable career. Awakening, he tries in vain to secure her release, and failing, follows her through the snowbound wastes, doing everything in his power to correct the wrong and to lift her above herself. Success adjusts itself at last, and with her pardon comes his own.

MECHANISM CUT OUT.

Much of the crude and laborious mechanism of the story has been cut out, yet Tolstoi's master hand turns each page in spite of this, and Tolstoi's grand inspiration gives life to the several characters.

Miss Walsh is splendidly fitted for the part of Maslova, and lacks no detail to make the work complete. The smallest things she has brought into consideration—of speech, and act, and costume—so that her own personality never for a single instant becomes apparent.

There is no flagrant bid for sympathy in her manner. Maslova recognizes her fault, and uses it as a cloak, not to draw forth compassion, but move as a warning, that all who know may keep away. Here rests the value of the production—here is the secret that makes it a legitimate stage lesson, and one to which no honest critic may take exception. You leave the theater with a sensation akin to that which involves you when a Sabbath lesson has been called to end. The dialogue is second-hand from Tolstoi, but you look at it in the light of scriptural paragraphs, and beneath the sordid, terrible agony of it all runs a stream of human nature and of life that has as its chief monotone the woe of a woman's broken heart.

There is no vulnerable point where eager criticism may find a resting place. Cleverly the play is wrought, cleverly acted. Only once does society, with its frivolity and its cigarettes and its ping pong, enter into the play, and, while meant as a setting to the chill environments, it is the one objectionable feature. There is nothing done, nothing said; we have all tasted the fruits of this portion of life. We have seen its petty tragedies and its problems. They repulse, rather than excite sympathy, and there is a general sigh of relief when the plot sinks back again into the sombre garments that befit it best.

Maslova, as a mistress in some pretentious flat, would be food for critical ravens, and worthily so, as run many plays; but Maslova of the outer edge, Maslova of the snows and wastes, is quite another thing. Stripped of spangles and gew gaws, crime becomes a moral lesson, if presented calmly and without embellishment; yet even the stage Maslova would be impossible if Miss Walsh did not throw her whole soul and talents into the rendition.

MARIE CAHILL

Now appearing in New York in "Nancy Brown."

THE NUTRITIOUS TURNIP.

Next to a wagonload of red apples creaking along to early March market, a pleasant sight to see is a wagonload of clean white and purple turnips. The turnip—or turnep, in old English—considered in its perfection, is artistically beautiful, with its fine-grain satin skin, its unique and charming rose-purple coloring, its sweet and delicate firm white flesh. For the true appreciation of a turnip, eat one on a moonlight country ramble, plucked right from the earth, and realize that in Russia the raw turnip is sometimes served as a dessert. In the farmer's eye the turnip, with other "root fruits," is "nature's substitute for green pastures," but the evolution of its importance in this country has been slow.

Fifty years ago the turnip was barely mentioned in many issues of the congressional agricultural reports. In 1848 it was stated that the turnip was "England's great crop," but occupied comparatively small space with us. It was then raised chiefly as a mere family vegetable in the South, in quarter and half acre crops; the pumpkin—a richer food for animals—taking the field in the North. England, in the fifties, grew 33 tons of turnips to the acre, Scotland 18 tons and Ireland 13½ tons to the acre. In 1862 a Massachusetts farmer, with patent office seed, grew 37 tons of turnips to the acre; but his was an exceptional case, and turnips, as a Virginia farmer phrased it, were "not fashionable with us." The turnip crop of America was condemned by Washington agricultural authorities as "slovenly and thriftless." When an Illinois farmer of that time introduced his sheep to turnips, they would not eat them until, in Spanish shepherd fashion, the "root crop" was soaked in brine. After that, however, when turned out in the morning, the sheep would run all the way to the turnip patch in sweet and eager expectancy. Maine stood at the head for white turnip culture in 1862; Pennsylvania appreciated the turnip and grew it extensively, but Indiana and Missouri ranked last. When turnips were 12½ cents a bushel in Indiana, Marion county mutton was 2½ cents a pound.

As a kitchen garden product, Jordan Hall says, the turnip should stand next to the potato, although it does not bring as much money. Few improvements have been made on old-fashioned ways of cooking the turnip. Old English cooks served turnips whole, after boiling them an hour and a half "with two inches of the green top left on." Also, boiled turnips of old England were "mashed between two trenchers" and served with butter. Turnip-tops, boiled with spices, were recommended to "grand gourmands" of 1829; and "winter hotch-potch," an old Scotch soup, contained whole boiled turnips. Boiled turnips and potatoes mashed together were eaten in old Boston, and commended as "a favorite dish among the Dutch in old New York."

Old-fashioned turnip-greens, Jordan Hall says, are the best greens in the world; they sprout in spring from the old winter turnips in the ground. Boiled turnips with fresh pork, turnip soup, turnip slaw and mashed turnips are old-time country dishes. Turnips used to be buried in the ground in the fall, in big dry goods boxes sunk in a hillside and roofed with fodder to shed rain. In one corner of this vegetable cave would be beets, in another turnips, radishes in the third, and potatoes in the last corner. Stores of turnips nearer the house would be sunk in a horizontal barrel half under ground and covered with earth and cornstalks. The old-time country boy would go to school or play happy with a corn pone in one pocket and a raw turnip in the other. The old-fashioned grandmother used to scrape raw turnip for herself and for the children. Horses like raw turnip, and a valuable cow would just as lieve choke to death on a good sweet turnip as on a piece of cabbage stalk. Audrey, in "As You Like It," gnaws raw turnip while Touchstone wishes the gods had made her "poetical."

The turnip of early days had no names except white turnip, yellow turnip and rutabaga or Swede turnips. Now all the catalogues rank them next to tuberoses and laud them as "splendid and nutritious food" for man and beast. Kohl-rabi is a turnip-cabbage, and old books describe a turnip-beet. Any farmer who improves his turnip seed can give the markets a new variety; the names make pleasant reading ("early turnips should be sown when the peach is in bloom.") Now we have the "Jersey lily," "green-crowned amber globe," "red amber globe," "Southern snow-white globe," "yellow Aberdeen" (a Scotch immigrant), "early snowball" ("mellow like an apple"), "Dixie land," "champion," "long white cowhorn," "Southern prize," "improved American purple-top," "scarlet Kashmyr" (resembles large radish), "early ivory," "golden ball," "white spring," "Munich purpie-top," "white egg," "seven top" (a beautiful orange color), and "Tennoji," a Japanese turnip. A scholarly clubwoman of Indianapolis once startled a nonclub woman—who expected some profound remark—by asking her if she "knew any stylish way to cook turnips." Illinois sheep, which ate turnips by scooping them out with their teeth, "leaving a mere shell shaped like a bowl," doubtless set the pace for the "turnip cup" in which fashionable luncheon salads are now sometimes served.

Miniature Cities.

Boston Transcript.

Among the curious revelations of the census is the fact that there are in the United States quite a number of cities which are so ridiculously small in population as to make it a matter of wonder and amazement that they are really cities. The populations of a few such cities may be given as illustrations. The city of Johnson, Kan., has a population of only fifteen, and the population of Coronado, in the same State, is even less, being only ten. There are several cities in Kansas which have very diminutive populations, as follows: Bird, 88; Brainerd, 70; Ford, 82; Freeport, 83; Horace, 90; Hugoton, 54; Richfield, 61; Tribune, 62; Ulysses, 40. The city of Siloam Springs, Mo., has a population of 98. The city of Brigantine, N. J., has a population of 99, but, small as is the population of that city, it is nearly five times as large as that of the city of Lavallette in the same State, which has a population of only 21. The city which exceeds all the others in the diminutiveness of its population is the city of Rainy Lake, Minn., which has a population of only seven.

The Art of Walking.

Henry D. Thoreau:

I have met but one or two persons in the course of my life who understood the art of walking—that is, of taking walks—who had a genius, so to speak, for sauntering, which word is beautifully derived from "idle people who roved about the country, in the Middle Ages, and asked charity, under pretense of going a la Sainte Terre," to the Holy Land—'till the children exclaimed: "There goes a Sainte Terrer," a saunterer, a holy lander. They who never go to the Holy Land in their walks, as they pretend, are indeed vagabonds, but they who do go there are saunterers in the good sense such as I mean.

The Quiet Man.

I lingered o'er a checker game a night or two ago,
The one who played against me seemed to have no ghost of show;
I had a bunch of lusty kings that strutted all about
And bullied my opponent's men, who dared not venture out.
'Way over in a corner shrunk a timid little man
Who stayed right in his station ever since the game began.
He watched my crowned heads marching by, with banner and with song,
And seemed to be discouraged over standing still so long.
But pretty soon an opening occurred two blocks away,
And not another moment did that little fellow stay.
He bounded o'er the board and took three kings in one fell swoop,
Then landed in my king row with a wild ecstatic whoop.

You've known these quiet fellows that just sat around and thought
And never made a noise while the other raged and fought;
The whole community had come to think of them as dead,
Or else so very near it that their hope of fame had fled.
The chaps with recognition for their portion pose and strut,
And seem to overlook the man who keeps his talker shut.
But some day, when most every one is lookin' t'other way,
This quiet fellow sees a chance to break into the play.
He reaches out and grabs things that the others had ignored;
He puts into the life game all the energy he'd stored
Through all the years of silence. So you'd better not forget
The still man in the corner, for he'll reach the king row yet.

—Los Angeles Herald.